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didates, seeing as how I have an interest in the matter, my ancestor, King O'Tool, as all the guides at Glendalough assert, having given the ground for building the oldest of them to Saint Kevin.

Leaving Maynooth, the coach passed on by the ruined church of Lara Brien." "There," says the honest young man who had not long ago defended the Duke of Leinster against the insinuations of the bagman, "there," says he, "beside hundreds of the Fitzgeralds, lies the great Brian Borohma." "How do you know that, my friend?" "Why, because all the neighbours say so; and sure it's called Lara Brien after him—and were not his spurs dug up, which his Grace the Duke now has, and you may see them any time you like in his study—and a fine brave pair of bleeders they are, with rowels as large as *two-and-six-pennies*—and sure it stands to reason that if his spurs were buried here, his body must have been along with them; for King Brian, do you see, was like all Christian knights, buried with sword and shield, boots and spurs, and all his armour—so at any rate says our chapel clerk and schoolmaster, that is a great antiquary entirely—he can't be astray, seeing as how he has Dr. Keating's History of Ireland at his fingers' ends." "Friend," says I, "you are quite wrong. The hero of Clontarf was not interred here; neither was he at Kilmahnam, as the learned Franciscan, Peter Walsh reports—but he was conveyed to Armagh, and buried there beside the great altar. The holy men of the Abbey of Swords raised him from the fatal spot where the base Bruoder, the Dane, slaughtered him, and along with his gallant son Murrrough, who fell in the arms of victory, and brought him to Duleek. There the monks of that monastery took charge of him, and furthered him to Louth Abbey, from whence with solemn chaunt and requiem he was conveyed to Armagh. So, friend, I find your chapel of Lara Brien must be content with possessing the relics of humbler men." We now drew near Killocock—it is undoubtedly a very poor and ugly place, in the midst of a very fertile soil—strange that this should so often occur in Ireland, when the richer the country is the poorer is the town. "Is this a great place for cock-fighting," says the English rider, "that it is called Killocock? Ha, ha, ha, I to be sure am not the first who have had a fair hit at the number of places in *Hireland* that by their names denote the pugnacious character of your people—Kil this and Knock that, and Slew here and Drum there—at all events preserve me from this here place, for I am sure it would well nigh break the heart of a better cock than I am, to sojourn here one week." Here the farmer broke into a horse laugh, and swore that it would be no hard matter to find a better cock than him—seeing he was but a cockney. "Gentlemen," says I, "as you are in a merry mood, perhaps I may add to your humour if I tell you that this town we just passed is called after a worthy dame who was abbess of a nunnery here, and her name was Saint Cocca—aunt, as some say of Saint Patrick—the nurse, as others have it, (dry I suppose,) of Saint Keiran." "Well, now," cries the bagman, "if ever there was a practical bull, this here is one, to have a woman and an abbess called Mrs. Cock." The wit of coach travellers is generally coarse and this is but a specimen, which I may not further enlarge on. The hill Cappagh was now near at hand—what a rich tract of feeding land. The road, in my younger days, wended bravely over its summit—and though not three hundred feet above the level of the sea, it perhaps is the highest point between the bays of Dublin and Galway. How unlike most other islands is Erin—its mountainous districts all around the shores—its centre only just so elevated as to allow a drainage towards the Shannon, which also, unlike every other island river, runs parallel with the greatest length of the isle. Cappagh hill forms the high land that divides the streams falling into the Boyne and Liffey—from hence is a noble view of almost the whole of the ancient kingdom of Meath. Perhaps not in Europe—except its mediolanian namesake the Milanese—is there so much good land mixed with so little bad, as within its circuit. No wonder that the Kings of Meath were so often monarchs of Ireland. No wonder that the hills of Tara, of Usneach, of Skreen, were so famous—and here, also, was the great fair of Tailteen, where all the Irish lads and lasses met to get

married, and where, as now at Ballinasloe, there is a splendid show of fine cattle—so in those primitive days along the sides of the hill of Tailteen were ranged pretat girls and brave boys—and then after the young people had for a sufficient time cast sheep's eyes at one another, and after the parents had made proper bargains and arranged family settlements, games, and sports, and feats of activity began, which were similar, and not perhaps inferior to the Isthmean, or Olympic games of Greece—human nature is the same in all times and places—the young must marry and be given in marriage—and what great difference is there between a mother bringing her daughter to range her with others along the side of a ball-room, and so make a show of her, and the Milesian mother of olden time leading her blushing girl to Tailteen, to sit modestly on the green clover, and with downcast diamonds every now and then peeping out from beneath her long eyelashes, to spy whether the *boys* from the opposite side of the line were cocking their bonnets at her. I remember, not long ago, travelling through the county of Down, and witnessing a practice not unlike that of Tailteen. After the cattle, sheep, and pig business of the fair was over—along the sides of the road leading to the fair-green, and on the smooth, grass-covered ditches, all the neighbouring unmarried girls were seated, clothed in their gayest attire; and though nothing in the least indecent or riotous was practised, yet I was assured that here they were assembled to run the chance of getting lovers, and, of course, husbands. Pardon this digression, good reader—it was only resorted to in order to break the dull uniformity of the country from the time you leave Cappagh hill until you get to the Boyne—but, Mr. Folds, here I will pause, and beg of you to recollect, when you commence my next letter, that we halted at the Boyne.

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

THE GEOLOGY OF DUBLIN AND ITS SUBURBS.

The advantages of soil and climate by which this country is so pre-eminently distinguished, are the theme of every statistical writer, and, being pretty generally admitted, do not require any special enforcement. It is not, however, so generally known that Ireland is a country, not only suited to agricultural improvement, but one abounding in every object which can attract or reward the attention of the philosophic student of nature. It would indeed be difficult to point out a single district of our favoured land which does not present, not only curious objects of antiquarian research, but those rare and instructive natural productions, which excite an interest more vivid and enduring than the sublimest of the creations of art. A most fertile and diversified surface, and a variety of climate not only dependant upon the length to which it stretches along the meridian, but upon the altitude of its mountain chains, and the number and extent of its lakes and rivers, confer upon Ireland a Flora second to that of no other country in Europe for number and variety of species; while the pursuer of mineralogical or geological studies is equally ensured, within its limits, ample means of illustration and instruction. To the scientific tourist Ireland also presents another source of attraction almost peculiar to herself. While the harvest of science has been repeatedly gathered elsewhere, and the soil as it were exhausted by repeated cultivation, Ireland is still an unexplored wilderness, and requires but the hand of industry and skill in order to the disclosure of its fertility, and the rich rewarding of those who may have the judgment to select it as a theatre of philosophical enterprise. To sustain these positions in their fullest extent by a reference to facts, though an easy task, would carry us far beyond the limits within which this communication must of necessity be confined. We purpose, however, singling out one department of science—that of geology, and shewing that it may be studied with the greatest advantage in this city, inasmuch as the structure of the adjacent country suffices to illustrate some of its most imposing theories, and exemplify some of its most striking phenomena.

Dublin is situate at the embouchure of the river Liffey, by which it is divided into nearly equal portions, and is encircled on the side of the land by a chain of lofty and

picturesque mountains, composing an amphitheatre interrupted only towards the north-west. To the north of the city the Tolka, a small stream, empties itself at Ballybough bridge; while on the southern side, the Dodder, curving northwards for some distance, terminates with the Liffey in the harbour; both rivers, the Tolka and the Dodder, thus constituting natural boundaries or limits to which, though the city has not yet reached, it is rapidly extending. The latter river, for a few miles towards the base of the Dublin mountains, in which it has its source, serves as a convenient line of division between districts geologically distinct. To the south of the Dodder we encounter none but the primitive rocks of Werner; while in proceeding northwards from it, formations are met with termed secondary, in the language of that distinguished systematist. In the former direction the massive granite and its accompanying schist arrest the attention of the most uninstructed observer. The havoc which has been made of the Killiney hills with a view to the construction of the magnificent Pier at Kingstown, has familiarized every class of our citizens with the appearance and physical characters of granite; while the Scalp, a chasm in one arm of Shankhill mountain, within a couple of miles of Enniskerry, presents the mica-slate at its junction with the subjacent granite, and exhibiting a singularly contorted and dislocated appearance probably due to that convulsion of nature by which it was exposed. These are the rocks which constitute the chief substratum of the southern portion of the environs of Dublin. To the student in geology they are interesting in the highest degree. They are unquestionably the oldest *deposits* found upon the oxidized crust of our planet, as would appear proved by the absence from them of all organic remains; or, if of more modern origin, they must have been upheaved by the agency of subterranean heat. Whichever hypothesis theorists may adopt respecting their manner of formation, they are from their geological position, and the simplicity and uniformity of their composition, those which should be first examined by him who enters upon the study of the structure of the earth.

But granite and mica-slate are not the only rocks to be met with to the south of the Dodder, and within a short distance of Dublin. The greater and lesser Sugarloafs are composed exclusively of quartz rock, a circumstance to which with the Paps of Jura, they owe the conical contour of their highest points. The rugged ridge of Brayhead is also in a great measure quartz rock, but here it is interstratified with clay-slate, and also with green-stone, a member of the trap family of rocks. The green-stone however here is distinguished from every modification of the same stone which the writer has seen elsewhere, by its fracture being studded with minute glistening scales of mica. What theory will account for the structure of Brayhead? Is it to be traced to the agency of fire? Or was it the result of aqueous depositions? Neither of these rival hypotheses seems to us adequate *per se* to the explanation of all the phenomena. But, were we forced to decide between them, we would not hesitate to avow that existing appearances, in the present as well as in many similar cases, would seem better accounted for by attributing to all the formations denominated *primitive*, an igneous rather than an aqueous origin.

The primitive rocks to the south of Dublin are not destitute of other sources of scientific attraction. In them are found a number of simple minerals, distinguished some by their rarity, others by their commercial value. And they are also the depositories of metallic ores. At Killiney alone several curious fossils have been met with. Spodumene occurs here in considerable abundance, a mineral very rare in other countries, and in great request with chemists and collectors, in consequence of its including about 8 per cent. of lythia, the new alkali not long since detected by arfwedson in Ocjalite. Here also a new mineral has been discovered by Dr. Taylor, of Cork, closely resembling spodumene, but divided from it by unequivocal distinguishing characters. He has called it Killinite from its locality, and minutely described it in the Transactions of the Royal Irish academy. Garnets also are frequently met with at Killiney of small size, but beautifully transparent, and of the most regular crystalline form. To the preceding may be added beryl, apatite—a mineral resembling the aqua-

marine in form, but totally different in its composition and structure,—tourmaline, shorl, &c. &c.

The only metallic ore which has been found in quantity in this district is galena, or the common sulphuret of lead. At Killiney, opposite to Dalkey island, it was once abundantly raised; but the works have long since been abandoned. The remains of a shaft and adit connected with the mine are still visible immediately over the strand, not far from the point at which occurs a remarkable junction of the schist and granite. To the south-west of Killiney, on the side of Shankhill, a much more productive vein is at present worked by the Mining Company of Ireland. The ore is, as usual, chiefly galena, but the white lead or carbonate has also been found, though sparingly. On Shankhill also there is a tower for the manufacture of shot, and in its immediate vicinity, at Ballycorus, there are blast and wind furnaces, to which the ore is carried for smelting, not only from the adjacent mine, but from others in the possession of the same company at the Seven Churches. The sulphate of barytes or heavy spar, which occurs very generally in the matrix of the ores of lead, may be picked up in abundance on Shankhill in the neighbourhood of the shaft, and is frequently sought for by the Dublin Chemists with a view to the preparation of a very powerful medicine, and certain indispensable chemical tests.

[To be continued.]

CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door-post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then his trowsers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.

NAPOLEON.

The Rev. Mr. Redmond, P. P. of Ferns, in Ireland, when studying in France, spent a summer in Bas Poitou; Napoleon was there at the same time, and both slept in the same apartment. The Corsican was continually making machinery, which he would try on a water-course. One day the party went shooting—Napoleon of the number. He was not very active; and, in leaping over a deep brook, fell in. He was almost drowned, when Mr. Redmond presented the end of his fowling-piece to him, (having first discharged it,) and thus rescued from an ignoble death the man who afterwards ruled half the world.

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